

The Historie

Hotsp. My liege, I did denie no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toile,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new repte,
Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home,
He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he helde
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in snuffe, and still hee smild and talkt:
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerlie,
To bring a slouely vnhandsome coarfe
Betwixt the winde and his nobilitie:
With many holly-day and ladie termes
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,
Out of my grieve and my impacience
Answerd neglectingly, I know not what
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, Gods aue the mark:
And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
This villanous saltpeter, should be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns
He would himselfe haue beene a souldior.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

of Henrie the fourth.

And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my loue and your high maiestie.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
What ere Lord *Harry Percie* then had said
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and neuer rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he vnlay it now.

King. Why yet he doth denie his prisoners,
But with prouise and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall ransom straight
His brother in law, the foolish Mortimer,
Who on my soule, hath wilfully betraid
The liues of those, that he did lead to fight
Against that great Magitian, damnd Glendower,
Whose daughter as we heare, that Earle of March
Hath lately married: shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares
When they haue lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountaines let him starue:
For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost
To ransom home reuolted Mortimer,

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer:
He neuer did fall off, my soueraigne liege
But by the chance of war, to proue that true
Needs no more but one tongue: for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuerns fiedgie banke,
In single opposition hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an houre,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower,
Three times they breathd, & three times did they drinke
Vpon agreement of swift Seuerns floud,
Who then affrighted with their bloudie looks,

B.iii.

Ran